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A

Miniature Poem

"Our Town".

By J. B. Balch.

Georgetown, D. C.

1849.

W. L. Shoemaker.

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BY T. B. BALCH.

GEORGETOWN, D. C:
EZEKIEL HUGHES, PRINTER.
1849.

Gift.
W. L. Shoemaker
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"OUR TOWN."

I boast no song in magic numbers rife,
But yet oh Nature! is there naught to prize
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
(Campbell.

Thine old familiar face inspires my strain,
And prompts my harp the Muse's gifts to crave
Dear native town, where lived my humble sires;
And where remaining friends and kindred dwell.

Poets have deck'd in rhyme their favored towns,
On Thames, on Trent, or on the antique Rhine;
Or on the Rhone, that darts with rushing sound
To Leman's half-moon Lake; a water-bird
That spreads its waves abroad like azure wings;
But what are Keswick, Ayr or Ambleside, [1.]
Or regal Windsor, Stoke or Twickenham
Compar'd to ours; for gazing round, methinks,
When I descend the inclined plane of death,
My heart will own the chain which binds me fast
To where these lips first drank the balm of Life,
And were this town decay'd its mossy stones
Would yield me precious thought and pensive rest.

Where now the homes of happy thousands stand
'Mid roods of earth laid off in garden grounds,
And streets that run o'er what were once wild hills,
One hundred years ago dense cedars grew;
But a lone man here stretch'd his lonely tent
In matted woods: who on a scale reduc'd
Resembled him who from the Yadkin went [2]
To chase swift deer and plant a sovereign State
Beyond where range the Alleghanies blue.

Tradition says that He who was our sire
Did not arrive without his faithful dog,
And well tried gun that seldom miss'd its mark,
With angling rods besides, well woven nets,
And to the schedule we subjoin his pipe
And axe wherewith to hew; and his strong bow
And batch of arrows full as wheaten sheaf;
For from his bow he could an arrow send
As straight as Tell who in an Alpine vale
An apple halved which Gesler's hand had set
Among the flaxen curls of Tell's own boy.

Below those seats which stand a Northern row,
Whose gardens downward fall on sunny slopes
Our town becomes a kind of table land,
And on that plat beyond a shadowy doubt
Our founder reared his cabin, built of logs:
A nucleus small; but in this very way
Palmyra rose and Rome itself began,
For did not shepherd boys hew out a glade
On Tiber's banks and then of straw and reeds
Construct their huts which in revolving time
Gave way to marble domes? and peasants ruled
Where kings in after ages swayed the world.

To every man propitious Heaven assigns
His task; and to that task adapts the man;
Imparting zest for stranger modes of life,
Than others use; such like to dwell apart
'Till groups arrive to form the social league.
So with our Sire, who was of stature tall
And visage spare; of flexile, active limbs,
Who look'd on hardships as on idle dreams,
Or harebells light, crushed down by giant feet,
For he was sprung of Scottish peasant blood:
His sire had come from one of Fifeshire's vales,
In heather, whin and hawthorn blossoms rich,
A scion worthy of its parent stock.

At evening hour my mind has often mused
About that kind of life our founder lived;
We hear at times his axe or hunting horn,

Or catch the twang that sounded from his bow,
Or watch the smoke that curl'd from off his pipe,
Cheer'd in the day by swans; but all night long
He heard the notes of pensive whippoorwills. [3.]
But soft repose of course at times gave way,
To active Life, and then his boat would skip
From wave to wave and touch the verdant isles
That dot the matchles stream on which he liv'd;
But of that stream we may hereafter sing.

Brave Indians once our town-ravines possess'd,
And o'er them look'd with reckless vacant gaze;
And here the rude and drowsy wigwam stood
Long, long before sagacious white men came;
And here those red men burnt their council fires,
Or here exchang'd the wampum belt of peace,
Or dress'd the graves of their departed chiefs;
And nought disturb'd the wigwam's lazy sleep
Save crimson war and its appalling dance,
Or when some stag from glade to glade might dart,
Or eagles roll around the ocean sun;
But they are gone! poor wand'ring exiled race,
No plume—or bead—or bracelet now remains
Of all they were, and that death song they sung
For foes, has for themselves been often sung.
How chang'd the scene!—for now those arts prevail,
Which polish life and make existence sweet;
Her cradle hymn the mother fondly chaunts,
And Sabbath bells ring out a cheerful sound,
And organs chime, and dulcet family lutes
Are often touch'd at close of parting day.

It is indeed a pleasing truth to know
That our town legends are exempt from crime,
And battles fierce, and tragic massacre
Like that which stained the valley of Wyoming,
And shed a dye on all contiguous waves;
For our first settler justly bought his land,
Nor cunning used;—like Heaven's transparent light
His title shone: would that all other towns
And States from Carthage down had been as just!

'Tis said that Indians never fail in thanks
For favors done; and on a sultry day
A red man paus'd before the settler's door
And ask'd a boon,—a gourd of water cold,
In lieu of which, he quaff'd a cup of milk,
And to his tongue that draught was sweeter far
Than honeycomb wrought out by Hyblian bees,
When thus that Sylvan being straightway spoke:
"I am, said he, the Prophet of my tribe
And let me talk as loud as Summer clouds
With thunder charg'd—"White man! this place depart!
Begone at least for one revolving moon,
One eagle may be stronger than the rest,
But can he stand a thousand birds of prey
With talons strong and all devouring beaks?
Know then that Indian warriors brave and strong,
Will seek thy life; and can the sapling tree
Turn back the hatchet's edge that cuts it down?
Or can spring buds resist the powerful hand
That rends them off?—or can the purple grape
Fight with the press by which its juice is crush'd?—
Fly, then, for 'tis by flight the bird escapes,
And by the time you seek these woods again
The Western Star will lead my tribe away,
And then these streams, and hills and bird-fraught trees
Will all be yours as long as suns shall rise
And moons go round, or frost and dew descend."

Swift as the light the prophet passed away
But left a violet hue on all things round;
For He by plaintive words had wrapt in gloom
The settler's hope, and Hope in dark eclipse
May swoon away like some celestial orb.
But quick as thought the settler lone resolved
To launch his skiff and dash the river down
And seek for some to share his solitude.
And does not Love pervade each haunt of Life?
The heart of man is like the moon when halv'd
But wants to meet its other beauteous half;
And when two hearts are joined, our silvery life
Goes round in softness like the Queen of Night;
And in that skiff our settler homeward brought
His wood nymph bride; for woman, when she loves,

Can live in cabins or in dungeons dark
As well as Norman Halls, or bright saloons;
And Lalla Rookh was scarcely more caress'd;
And that lov'd bride like Egypt's famous Queen
Rode in her barge, and all the river waves
Bent with the caravans of skiffs that came
Which held the settlers that our founder brought.
And swan sung back to swan in quick response
As if those pure and blest Potomac birds
Would all have died upon that happy day.

With such materials did our town begin,
And step by step assum'd the hamlet form,
'Till from its chimnies two score wreaths of smoke
Quite freely gushed, when that pure pea-green wave,
By which it stands, put on its coat of ice.
And snows like Lapland's lay along the roofs;
But wintry days were chased by vernal suns,
When better flowers than those of Cashmere's vale
Would dot the heights, or show their modest leaves
Among the hollows of the verdant hills,
As plants are sometimes set in gilded bowls.
Commerce as yet had scarcely fixed a sail
To leave the town; nor had it built a wharf,
Nor cut a sheet, nor had a rumbling wheel
Borne down the smallest of its pristine plants.
All was as simple as Arcadian Life.
No lawyer yet had learned to split a hair,
But the first settler solved each knotty point
As Albert did on Susquehanna's side.
The people loved and marked their Ruler's steps
As when some Spanish shepherd gains the peaks
That crown the Pyrenees; his milk white flock
Will climb; or if he turn and sound his horn
The flock will turn and seek profoundest vales.

'Twas good indeed to lead just such a life,
With toil enough to sweeten nightly rest,
And spicy cares that only fragrance lent
To hours of ease; a kind of golden age
Through which our hamlet pass'd, when garden spades
Shone at the Winter's close, and anglers fished (4.)
Each day in all the weeks of balmy May

From coves and rocks along Potomac's banks;
Or took their skiffs on beauteous water range
O'er that loved stream which far away exceeds
The yellow Tiber, or the bonnie Doon,
The antique triple Rhine, or blue Moselle.
And birds in rapture sung the live-long day
And plunged in flight among the Spring perfumes.
Or pipe-sounds crossed that tide of melody
Which ebbed and flowed as if the woods were full
Of jingling bells—and shrubs swang to and fro
Tottering beneath the heavy-laden bees
That flew both when and where and how they pleased.
And on the Sabbath day one lonely bell
The group together called, when upward rose
Some blue eyed German, who in simple tones [5.]
His message spoke to Patriarchal men
Whilst mothers held their babes; for at that time
The pastor bent so low the tree of life
That held-up babes might almost reach its fruit;
For when he turned the leaves of Truth Divine
And read his text from off the sacred page
He sought no gaudy words or tropes of speech—
Angler of men, whose cork was often drown'd
Using all skill to take the golden prey
Amid the grottos of the Rural sea.
Such was the time which Commerce ne'er creates,
A time which lasted forty happy years,
When the Town-chief, our good old Founder, died,
And his sepulchral rites were duly done
Not with the pomp which marks the heartless forms,
When soldiers, kings, or crested nobles die,
But all the people on that solemn day
Went from their home to his, and on the way
Pull'd violets up, for it was April time,
And strew'd them on his bier, and warmest tears
Fell down the cheeks of those who held the spades;
No word was said; no big guns shook the Earth;
They wrapt the hunter in his hunter's dress
And laid him down beneath the willow trees
And then went home recounting all his deeds.

The Muse must sing of certain foreign hues

The Muse must sing of certain foreign hues
Which sprinkled o'er the town from time to time.
No exiles came from China or Peru,
Nor Tartars came, nor tawny Algerines,
Nor Arabs trained to wield the pointed lance,
Nor Turks with turbans o'er their haughty brows;
But Poles have come from Kosciusko's land
And disappear'd, and men from Erin's isle
An emerald deem'd, and from the Holland dykes,
And off the Appennines, and from where the Alps
Sustain their clambering goats on green grass cribs,
Beside the Avalanche: and from Anglia's lakes
And vine dress'd France: such fell upon the town
In drops and blended with the brooks that roll'd
To confluence small: but to its vast surprise
A shower of Scuti fell upon the place,
Eight years before the bard had seen this Earth,
A clan soon known by Scotia's tartan stripe
Who all broke up in their North Eastern shire
And here convened a kind of plaided troop.
They liked the place but still liked Scotland more,
And thought our Suns were not by half so bright.
As those which gilded their bleak misty strand;
They had a touch of what we call romance
And oft enquired about our hill-side bees
And much they talked of Duncan, Scotia's king,
Of Forres moor, and castled Inverness,
Of murder done and of the raven's cry,
Macbeth and of his Lady's deep designs.
Their Celtic talk engaged my boyish ear
Of Spinie castle and its spacious loch,
Culloden, Elgin, and of Abbeys old.
And when our Town moon rose of summer nights
We heard of Lugar, Esk, the Ayr, or Tay,
Of Yarrow, Nith, or flowering Annandale.

They talk'd of lochs and burns and braes and glens,
Of Auld lang syne, and bairns and biggings, birks
Of bogles, branks, and brigs, and burdies, haughs
And bumclocks, bykes and byers and mountain firs,
Of cairns, and cantraips, chanters, clinkumbells,
And clachans, clips, cluds, cobles, Philibegs,
And clishmaclaver, crambo clink, and kail—

Of shiels, of gowans, coofs, and Highland deer,
Of Bruar water, and the Fall of Fyers,
Of Corra Linn, and famous Bannockburn,
Of Wallace, Bruce, and other Scottish men
Who did old England's power and arms defy;
And for this clan we cherish'd warm respect
Tho' rude their speech and differing from our own.

The Scuti settled in a compact row [6]
And tho' that row at present be defaced
In my young days its gardens wore a gloss
Like that which shines on plats of Alpine grass;
It ran close by to where a manse arose;
And they who lived beyond the Roman wall
Before they came, liked much to view that manse
Reminding them of what they sorrowing left
Neat Ferres moor in their own heather land,
Where they had loved the paddock and the glebe
And the few sheep their Scottish Pastor owned;
But from that home my Muse waves off her wing, [8]
And tells me to abstain: for evil tongues
Will talk; and critics sharp be sure to say
Its owner was the bard's respected sire;
But yet we shun it only as the skiff
That leaves, when passing out, some gold-grain beach
And from that beach, when coming in, fends off.
My pilgrim feet have wandered far and wide,
Far, far beyond the Western settlers' trails
Where buffalo herds obstruct each sylvan gate
And horses wild without a bridle roam;
But thought returns to that remembered manse
Where praise was loud but prayer exceeding low
And Sabbath morn and eve alike were sweet.
But oh how chang'd! 'tis now a merchant's house
Where ripened sheaves and tedded hay are sold
And buyers come and go from morn to night.
We could relate a more than Persian Tale
Or one that might be told on some blest spot
That skirts Arabia's sand, about the joys
The simple joys that thrill'd our buoyant hearts,
In that division of our matchless town
When clouds were pure and earth itself was light,
And twittering swallows filled the morning air

And long neck'd swans flew up Potomac's sides
And boatmen's horns sent forth arrival-sounds
Amid the chasten'd hues of evening hour,
When brooks helped on the twilight melody.
Let me describe, although description's power
Must fail to paint unrivall'd joys and scenes.
All hail! ye wild Virginia hills, that rose
In prospect near, with glossy cedars crown'd
And dense with ruby deer; where shelving down,
And nigh the river, stood a modest inn
Or ferry house, where boats 'mid cresses gay
Were chain'd, but when set free they swam the wave
Like ducks; the eye could see both morn and noon
The shepherd come and guard his flock across,—
A flock so soon to fall beneath the knife;
And the fleet horse would come, well trained to fly
And reach the goal; and his peculiar dress
Each boy's attention fix'd, and merchant men;
And we have seen old soldiers come
Supported on their staves; and it was good
To watch the men that crossed from far off lands.
Below that sun, just on the river's lap,
An island lay, with its North Eastern cape
Nurse of thick woods, and sweet geranium plants,
Which Isle had then a finely sylvan rim,
A central glade and Southern garden-walk,
Where clumps of boxwood ran in equal rows
To where its Southern beach the waves repelled,
Not far from where the modest mansion sat;
And fragrant cowslips, pinks, and daffodils,
And holly hocks, and Gallic lilies gay
Were interspers'd with myriad violets sweet,
The arboretum of our rising town;
Were we possess'd of telegraphic power
We would this isle on carded pictures send
Before Victoria's eye; for tho' the orb of day
Has never set on her extensive realms,
Her sceptre never touch'd so rich a gem.
The Scuti said, that in the Scottish loch
We Lomond call, that no four hundred roods
So teem'd with burial grass for pensive sheep
Or melons ripe; some say the isle is wrecked;
But on a wreck, how oft has beauty stood?

There was a man who did the garden tend,
Who kindly spoke and that in celtic speech,
And ask'd me oft a second hour to stay;
He was my guide through poplar avenues
And we gained much by following in his wake;
One day he stopped; when darting quickly off
We came direct upon a hedge-row fence,
"And this," he said, "is that sepulchral ground
Where pilgrims cease the shoon of life to wear;"
When thrice a parrot green called—'Montague!'
"Whom does the parrot call?" The man replied,
"My tartan boy, in Scottish Highlands born—
A manly lad before he hither came;
He chased the ever fleet and bounding deer
And homeward brought his ready captured spoil
When Highland steeps were wrapped in Highland snow;
But here he bow'd his young and sinewy knee
To prostrate shrubs or reared the drooping vine;
But life was stopp'd ere he became a man,
And now he lies within that yew tree's shade;
This is the plaid he once so proudly wore
In Scotia woven by his mother's hands,
And whose stripes & threads to me are priceless things."
But this sad island scene was but a foil
To festive scenes which were enacted oft
Within the circle of that diamond ring
Which was in purest water finely set;
For young and old delighted there to go
And spend the day, and by the setting sun
Return, when scores of light-oar'd boats would shoot
Across the tranquil waves that intervened.
On a round hill our humble school-house stood,
To whose sad ruins memory oft returns;
For when our books our teacher bade us close
Each boy rush'd out to write his marble rings,
And up and down and o'er that hill we flew,
Glad to escape from learning's rigid rules,
And homeward play like nimble young gazelles.
'Tis not decay of which my Muse complains;
For our small town can now its thousands count,
And by it stands a city large and vast
Where Senates meet, the seat of power and law,
Where goats on ivy never yet have brows'd,

And marble pillars stand whose waists are deck'd
With wreaths that charm the mellow eye of taste;
But 'tis change that puts a pensive chord
Into my humble harp, in me a change,
For my once raven ringlets all are gray,
And memory oft expands its bird-like wing
To bear us back among departed joys;
And hence one line or two may we indite
To that school-room, and all its inmates dear;
Tho' not renown'd as Plato's olive hall,
Or Zeno's porch, or Grecian garden-walks,
Where Epicurues taught, or Socrates,
But we remember well the grass grown path
Which led my steps from my paternal door
To where it perch'd, and fears its bell inspir'd;
For at its woeful sounds our play was done
And silence reigned both up and down the hill
Where tops had humm'd and marbles nobly plump'd.
And we remember its forbidden room
In which were kept the quadrant and the globes,
The one terrestrial, and the other mark'd
With signs and creatures strange; and glass machines,
And how the spark would fly from arm to arm,
As we stood round to take the wondrous shock.
We keep no list of all the comrade boys
That went to School: but some in duels fell,
And some put to sea in booming ships,
And my last gaze at them was from the wharf,
And some to cotton farms, or westward, went
Expecting there to strip bright money trees,
But ended life by cropping Prairie grass.
And of them all, I seem alone to live,
Like some fond bird that wheels its fondest flight
In frequent dashes round its ravag'd nest.

There was one boy abstracted from us all
Who seldom play'd; but seem'd to dwell alone.
Of wood saloons he was the constant guest,
Like Grahame born on the Romantic cart,
Or Cowper-like, who at Westminster school
Was to its ram-like boys a timid fawn.
Oh, had he lived! this boy of shrubs and trees

Might now be clamouring with his music shell.
He died!, and then arrayed in crape and band
We followed on his slowly mourning hearse.
Thus Poets droop, and genius-blossoms fall
As foliage offerings round the dying root.
Hard, ever hard, has been the Poet's lot.
Whilst others crave and find Peruvian gold
He only asks some plain sequester'd turf
Beset with herbs or spangled o'er with moss
And on the oblong spectrum of his grave
That violet hues should o'er all hues prevail.

My pencil thus has feebly tried to paint
What our old town has been in days of yore
And some few changes which have taken place
Since I a satchelled boy declined my nouns
Or else put thro' my Greek and Latin verbs—
Or on my slate wrought sums of large extent
And then depicted dogs and birds and mules;
The place is chang'd: on this we must insist;
Dim are the objects which it now presents,
And yet these objects stand just where they stood;
'Tis true the orchard old has disappeared
Long, long ago, once filled with juicy fruit
Where boys would climb and shake the laden boughs
Whilst we looked up to catch the falling plums;
For the red plum besides the deep blue grape
Were mixed with apples and the Persian peach;
But now its sylvan glories all are fled,
And not one blossom, leaf or stump remains.

Huge buildings stand where once we set our traps,
That brook is arch'd that softly talked along
With silver voice; and when the grey dawn comes,
Peasants and townsman meet to buy and sell
Above the stones on which its waters chimed.
That Inn looks dingy that once look'd so bright,
And shallops all and boats and slim canoes
Seem moored at headlands, capes, and water marks,
And Analostan halved in light and shade
Seems now all shade, and I a hermit stand
Among its glades, drest out in my gray beard

And snow-like locks, and pensive, gaze around
At woodland caves, once, once, my chief delight!

Strangers have come, and doors seem bolted fast
That once all open stood: and hands that grasp'd
This one of mine, in formal distance wave;
Old men are carried to their churchyard graves
Who often hailed me when a kirtled boy,
And gave me shells, and I a sexton stand
To wield the spade o'er evanescent joys.
What once stood high on earthly beauty's scale
May fade away, and landscapes all grow dim,
But heavenly hope thrusts out its tasselled wand
From clouds that curl all round our earthly hopes.

Long lov'd and Native Town, farewell! farewell!
On all thy hills these limbs of mine have lain,
But now my home is in the mountain blue;
Where peasant men reap down their locks of hay;
Dear grange it is where stands my rustic home,
But here each plat and lane and mound and wall
Recalls the past: one retrospective glance
Has drawn my shell from Memory's youthful sea,
But should some bard arise to sing this spot
With bolder harp, then, then the hand that plays
This lute of mine, of all the hands in town,
For him will be the first to weave the wreath
And crown him well, as Arqua's bard was crown'd.

Oh Town of Towns, once more, once more, adieu!
O'er all thy space may heaven's best blessings fall
From hills and streams that nobly gird thee round
To thy most central rood of pavement stone;
In all thy kirks may choicest praise resound
And virtue ever ride in chariots bright,
And prostrate vice beneath her glowing wheels.
On Thee may Spring its earliest buds bestow
And all thy gardens smile in summer bloom,
And Autumn soon disperse its fading tints,
And Winter soon dissolve its sparkling shroud.
Thus may the seasons wind from age to age
And all thy people be their happy guests,

Borne round and round in this Arcadian world.
There have been bards who scorn'd the sacred spots
That gave them birth; and Byron's lawless harp
Charm'd Pirates, Pachas, Turks, and gondoliers,
But not old England's lanes, where peasants trim
The good green hedge adorned with glossy flowers,
And milkmaids sing along the grassy downs;
But Western Greece composed his limbs to rest
And foreign hands took down his soldier plume
And foreign guns announc'd his spirit's flight.
But when my feet their pilgrim tasks have done
And Death the Huntsman shall his chase begin
For Him who writes: at his first bugle sound
Those feet would swiftly leave the mountain's blue
And scour all woods and grounds that intervene
To reach my youthful haunts; and I would die
Where gay and convex clouds still gently fall
Round waves that backward send their balmy clouds
To where they hang; whilst swans in double rows
Pass up between the sky and tree green waves,
And where the heavenly Arch runs softly round
The town below, far out to sloping hills.
Within this rounded temple let me die,
And as when bruised the lowly violet yields
Small grains of gold, so may my pensive fate
Enrich the friends my heart has fondly loved,
And add one spice of fragrance to my native air!

NOTES.

(1) "But what are Keswick, Ayr, or Ambleside?',

Keswick in the shire of Cumberland, was the residence of Southey, who shewed his sense in living three hundred miles from London. The town is located in a vale near the river Greta, and the Poet's House was called Greta Hall. It gives me pleasure to know that any bard ever owned a Hall; and Southey left £12,000. The scenery about Keswick consisting of Lake and Mountain has been much admired, but not more so than that of our town. Southey wrote poetry in the shadow of Skiddaw whilst his neighbors were engaged in manufacturing flannels. Burns was born about two miles from the town of Ayr. The place is situated among sands and the people manufacture leather and soap, an employment rather unpoetical. Ambleside is a small town in Westmoreland where woolens are made. 'Tis on the Rotha river which empties into Windermere. The Rotha would make a poor show by the side of our Potomac. Rydal Mount, the cottage of Wordsworth, is about two miles from Ambleside. Lord Byron was very caustic in his criticism upon the verses of Wordsworth, and indeed many of them might be advantageously buried in the woollens of the town, or in the tomb of the Capulets. At all events in this line we have only expressed the fond affection which every man feels for his native spot.

(2) "Resembled him who from the Yadkin went."

Col. George Beall was probably the first settler of Georgetown. He was the son of Ninian, who came either from Fifeshire or Dumbarton, and who settled on Patuxent. Our first settler bore, at least in his habits, some points of resemblance to Daniel Boone, who was born a hundred years before, at Bris-

tol on the Delaware but from thence went to the Pedee or Yadkin river in South Carolina, so that in his emigration to Kentucky this bold adventurer had several mountains to cross

(3) "Cheered in the day by swans, but all night long
He heard the notes of pensive whip-poor-wills."

Potomac is said in the Indian language to mean "River of swans." Even of late years the writer has seen those beautiful birds terminating their pilgrimage up the river at Analostan Island. But it is probable that the Potomac received its name somewhere near its mouth, where the swans to this day are very numerous. The whippoorwill sings all night even now, contiguously to Georgetown. Its song is uniform. as every ornithologist knows; but its speckles render it an interesting bird to the Poet.

(4) "A kind of golden age
Through which our hamlet pass'd."

All imaginative men are fond of anticipating some happy period of the world, or felicitous state of society never yet realized. This is strikingly exemplified in the Pollio of Virgil. This age, if it ever arrive, will not begin in London, or Pekin, or Canton, but in places less populous. Here, however, we have looked back to find such a time so far as our town is concerned.

(5) "When upward rose
Some blue-eyed German."

The sentiment here expressed was suggested by the fact that a German Church was the first building of the kind reared in Georgetown. It stood up High street near our Grave yard. We are not displeased at the Dutch sprinkling over our place. Germany is perhaps the most learned country in the world, though not the most inventive and original. We are sorry to say that Goethe and Schiller were a couple of deists; but Klopstock who lived near Hamburg wrote the poem called Messiah. "The blue eyed German" is an expression which occurs in Gertrude of Wyoming.

(6) "The Scuti settled in a compact row."

The colony of Scotch here spoken of, arrived in Georgetown in 1785. They were a valuable accession to our population.

They bought a row of lots and built on them. I used in my boyish days to delight in their conversation about Scotland.—Old Mrs. George Thompson died a year or two since considerably above eighty, a very excellent and venerable woman.—She had a warm heart and a Scottish imagination. She bore prosperity without pride and adversity without murmuring.—David English has lately told me that old Scotch Row has been condemned by the Corporation, and ordered to be torn down. This may be right; but the Phœnix will arise from its ashes. The most graceful works of Art have perished at Athens, but my cherished recollections of Scotch row are beyond the power of any municipal authority.

(7) "And his sepulchral rites were duly done."

In the close of the Poem, the writer has expressed a wish to be buried in the place of his nativity. He is inclined to retract this wish, however, when he remembers the kind of cemeteries in which people are buried in Georgetown, for in them taste is woefully wanting. We do not see why Georgetown cannot lay off as neat a cemetery as Boston or Philadelphia. Col. Morton and the writer have more than once talked over this matter.

(8) "But from that home my Muse waves off her wing."

The reason why the Muse is so shy about the Manse may be when the writer published his Chronicles some years since the wiseacres of Georgetown thought that too much was said about that house. This may be true; but in that species of writing it is usual to fix on the simplest objects. Every one knows that Oliver Goldsmith has written of his brother's Rectory at Lishoy, in Ireland, which Col. Napier's improvements probably destroyed. Lord Nelson and Addison were born in a Rectory and so was John Wesley. Crabbe, L. Richmond, and Cowper all wrote in such establishments. But the English Rectory is not so interesting as the Scottish Manse, for reasons which it is needless to give at present.—Robertson, the Historian, was reared in one of these lowly dwellings in Scotland; and the same is true of Thompson, Armstrong, and Mickle, the translator of the Luciad. But the writer does not intend to answer any objections to this Poem. If the people are pleased, the writer would be gratified, but their displeasure is something which he can't help. It is unusual we admit, at the end of a Poem to append any thing in the shape of a dedication, but since writing it, we have seen a circumstance stated in the papers which has determined us to inscribe this slight effusion, the production of a leisure week,

To W. W. CORCORAN, Esq.

Sir:—Though we were born and reared in the same town, some disparity in years may be the reason why our acquaintance has been entirely transient. But your munificent donation of $10,000 to the poor of Georgetown has won my admiration. The investment reflects the highest credit on your understanding, and in consequence of it, the Author of this Poem requests you to accept it as a tribute of his respect. It would add much to the happiness of the place if all its natives who shall be crowned with prosperity would aid its Public Institutions. In this respect you have set a noble example to be imitated, we hope, in future time.

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